

The LOVE R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

*When Love's well tim'd 'tis not a fault to Love,
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise
Sink in the soft Captivity together.*

Portius in Cato.

Tuesday, March 23. 1714.

THE following Letter, written in the finest Italian Female Hand, as beautiful as a Picture or Draught of a Letter, rather than the Work of a Pen, in the finest small gilt Paper, when opened, diffused the most agreeable Odours, which very suddenly seize the Brains of those who have ever been Sick in-Love. There is no Necessity on such an occasion as this, that the Epistle should be filled with sprightly Expressions. The Fold of the Letter, the care in Sealing it, and the Device on the Seal, are the great Points in Favours of this kind from the Fair; for when it is a Condescension to do any thing at all, every thing that is not severe is gracious. As soon as I looked upon the Hand, my poor fond Head would needs persuade it self that it came from Mrs. Page; but I read, and found it was the Acknowledgment of an Obligation, I have not Merit enough ever to be capable of laying any upon her; the Letter is thus,

Mr. MYRTLE.

March 19, 1714.

SINCE you have taken upon your self the Province of Love, all Transactions relating to that Passion most properly belong to your Paper. I beg the favour of you to insert this my Epistle in your very next Paper, in order to give the earliest Notice possible of my having received the very great Favour and Honour done to me, by some one to whom I am more obliged, than it can ever be in my Power to return. I beg therefore that you will insert the following Advertisement, and you will oblige (tho' unknown,)

Your Servant, and great Admirer,

A. B.

A certain Present, with a Letter from an unknown Hand, hath been very safely delivered to the Party to whom directed.

(Price Two Pence.)

It is the nicest part of Commerce in the World, that of doing and receiving Benefits. Benefits are ever to be considered rather by their Quality than Quantity, and there are so many thousand Circumstances, with respect to Time, Person and Place, which heighten and allay the Value, that even in ordinary Life it is almost an Impossibility to lay down Rules on this Subject; because it alters in every individual Case that can happen, and there is something arises in it, which is so inexplicable, that none but the Persons concerned can judge of them, and those, as well as all other Persons, are incapable of giving Judgment in their own Case. All these Circumstances are still more intricate in that part of Life which is naturally above the Rules of any Laws, and must flow from the very Soul to be of any Regard at all, and are more exquisitely valuable and inconsiderable, as they proceed more or less from Affection, without any manner of Respect to the intrinsic Value of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of Ribband or a Jewel. The Lover in the Comedy is not methinks absurd where he prates of his Rules and Observations on this Subject.

You must entertain Women high, and bribe all about them. They talk of Ovid and his Art of Loving; be liberal, and you out-do his Precepts—The Art of Love, Sir, is the Art of Giving—Be free to Women, they'll be free to you. Not every Open-handed Fellow hits it neither. Some give up Lap-falls, and yet ne'er oblige. The Manner, you know, of doing a Thing, is more than the Thing its self—Some drop a Jewel which had been refus'd if bluntly offered. Some lose at Play what they design a Present.

The Skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of your self, 'tis done with so much Ease; but a liberal Block-head presents a Mistress as he'd give an Alms----

I intend all this upon the Passion of Love within the strictest Rules; but Benefits and Injuries cannot touch to the Quick, 'till the Passion is arrived to such



a height as to be mutual. Before that, all Presents and Services are only the Offerings of a Slave to a Tyrant; it is therefore necessary, to make them worthy to be received, to shew that they proceed from Affection, and that all your Talents are employed in subserviency to that Affection. The Skill and Address which is used on these Occasions in conveying Presents, or doing any other obliging things, is for this reason much more regarded than the Presents or Actions themselves. I knew a Gentleman who affected making good Company cheerful, and diverting himself with a whimsical way he had of laying particular Obligations upon several Ladies by the same Action, and making each believe it was done for her sake. Thus he would make a Ball, and tell one he wished she would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: Another, that he was overjoyed to see her there, for that he was sure had she not, no body else would have been that Evening. He would whisper a third, who was brought thither by a Relation, and without being named, And did your Cousin believe she introduced you hither; there is a Gentleman yonder said, she came with you, and not you with her. By this wily way he was by all esteemed the most obliging fine Gentleman; that was so gently said, and t'other thing so prettily contrived, that who but *Charles Myrtle* with all the fair and delightful, in his time. About his flourishing Years the Stage had a particular Liveliness owing to this Passion, but too often to this Passion abused and misrepresented. *Orway*, who writ then, exposed in his Play of *Venice preserved*, the Bounty of a silly disagreeable old Sinner, who at that time was a great pretender to Politicks, in which he was the most ungainly Creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than *Antonio* (for so he calls him) a Politician, except *Antonio* a Lover. This grim puzzled Leacher is thus treated by his *Aquilina*, whom he keeps and visits: In one of those lovely Moments she says to him, *I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, I am sick of you—crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body; you love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had not Money you are good for nothing.* This imperious Wench of this fribbling Politician, was in the Interests of those who were then attempting to destroy his Country; she rates him in behalf of *Peirre*, who is her Favourite, and is then plotting the Destruction of *Venice*.—*Where's my Lord, my Happiness, my Love, my God, my Hero.* This contemptible Image represents in a very lively manner, how offensive every Endeavour to please is in the Man who is in himself disagreeable; poor *Antonio*, to satisfy an amorous Itch, must not only maintain his Wench, but support every Russian in her favour that is an Enemy to his Country; which will for ever be the Fate of those who attempt to be what Nature never designed them, Wits, Politicians and Lovers.

But I will break off this Discourse to oblige a Neighbour, who writes me the following Letter.

Good Mr. MYRTLE,

AS I am your near Neighbour, within two Doors of the *Lover's Lodge*, and within the sound of your melodious Base-viol, I cannot better express my Gratitude for that Favour you do my Ears, than by inviting you to divert your Eyes in my large Gallery, which is now garnisht, from top to bottom, with the finest Paintings Italy has

ever produced: I dare promise my self you will find such Variety, and such beautiful Objects, of both History and Landscapes, Profane and Sacred, that it will not only be sufficient to please and recreate the Sight, but also to yield Satisfaction and Pleasure to your Mind, and instructive enough to inform and improve every Bodies else: When you have well viewed and considered the whole Collection, then I am to leave it to you, whether you will not think it may be of Use to the Readers of your *Lover*, (which I understand is to come out to Morrow, very luckily for me the Day before my Sale begins) to recommend the viewing of my Collection to them, as a very agreeable and instructive Amusement to all Persons in Love. But this and every thing else, that may concern me or my Collection, I leave to Mr. *Myrtle's* Judgment, and known Readiness to serve Mankind in their particular Stations of Life.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient,

and Obliged Humble Servant,

James Grama.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

A Collection of extraordinary Original Paintings of the most celebrated Masters, viz. Paolo Veronese, Guido Rheni, Fetti, Spagnolet, Nicola and Ga'par Poussin, Carlo Morat, Luca Jordano, Claude Lorrain, Le Brun, Mario de Fiori, Wouwerman, Bourdan, Fr. Mola, Rottenhamer, G. Dow, Teneers, and others, lately brought from beyond sea, will be Sold by Auction to-morrow, being Wednesday the 24th Instant, at the Green Door in the Little Piazza Covent Garden, where Catalogues may be had, and the Pictures view'd two Days before the Sale.

In a few Days will be Published,

The Ecclesiastical History of late Years; containing some Acts of the Roman Church, and last Canonization of Saints, in order to the obtaining a General Peace among Princes, &c. with her Views towards England, &c. By Richard Steele, Esq; Author of the Crisis, the Paper called the Englishman, and the Close of the Englishman: For some Passages of which Writings he was expelled the House of Commons on Thursday the 18th Day of March 1713. Printed for J. Koberger near the Oxford Arms Inn in Warwick-lane.

This Day is Published, Printed with an Elzevir Letter, a neat Pocket Volume of

Ulysses. A Tragedy. Written by N. Rowe, Esq; The Second Edition revised. Printed for Jacob at Shakespeare's Head in the Strand.

Books Printed, with an Elzevir Letter in Neat Pocket Volumes, for Jacob Tonson in the Strand.

Tamerlane and Fair Penitent, Tragedies, by N. Rowe, Esq; The Tragedy of Cato, Campaign and Rosamond, by Mr. Addison. The Distrest Mother, a Tragedy, by Mr. Philips. The Careless Husband, a Comedy, by Mr. Cibber. The Victim, a Tragedy, by Mr. Johnson. A Collection of Poetical Miscellanies, by the best Hands, and Publish'd by Mr. Steele. N. B. The Ambitious Step-Mother, and Royal Convert, Tragedies, Written by N. Rowe, Esq; will in a few Days be Published, in the same Volumes.

Just Publish'd,

The Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, proved to be the Primitive and Apostolick Doctrine of the Catholick Church: With a curious Remark on the Validity of the Sibylline Oracles. Translated from the Latin of the Right Reverend Dr. George Bull, late Lord Bishop of St. David's. Humbly addressed to the venerable and learned Prelates and Representatives of the Church of England in Convocation assembled. By a Presbyter of the Church of England. Printed for J. W. and Sold by W. Lewis near Covent Garden, J. Brown without Temple Bar, W. Taylor in Paternoster-row, N. Cliffe in Cheapside, J. Morphew near Stationers Hall, and A. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple Bar. Price one Shilling.

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